THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 28.

Boston, Saturday, November 8, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. LIII.

THE study of natural history has a tendency to expand the mind and invigorate the understanding. It seems to give us new senses, by furnishing so many new objects of sense. It discovers to us worlds before unknown. It helps us to look through nature, to "see through this air, this ocean and this earth."

To the mind that takes pleasure in the pursuit of first principles, the various theories with respect to primary matter, cannot be uninteresting. It was sometime after Pythagoras flourished, that this subject first attracted attention. Thales of Miletus, produced the first hypothesis. He declared that all things were made out of water; that only water existed prior to the birth of matter. "And the spirit of God moved upon the waters," is a passage from Genesis, that has been thought to confirm the Milesian's conjecture. Soon however HERACTICUS arose, daringly contradicted THALES, and maintained that fire was the origin of the world, and what it contained; that, tho' invisible, it was essential to the being of every thing; that water could not exist without fire, for remove this, and it changed into ice. The next ingenious theorist was ANAXIMENES. He forsooth had most certainly discovered primary matter. He grasped the phantom and found it air: Air was an element, without which neither water nor fire could subsist. The corpuscular system of DEMOCRITUS came last. With him the origin of the universe was an atom. What this atom was, he could not say; he could affirm only what it was not. It was neither a drop of water, a spark of fire, nor a bubble of air, but all these and something else. From these atoms or corpuscles were made seeds and eggs; that from seeds originated vegetables, and from eggs animals were born. Independent of his theory, though incidental thereto, Democritus expressed important ideas, which have been sanctioned by the countenance of illustrious modern authority.—He confidently asserted the quantity of matter to be the same now as at the beginning of creation: that it was not in the power of man to create or annihilate one particle of matter: that none but God could from nothing create substance: none but He could reduce substance back to nothing again. Democritus dwelt among the tombs the more uninterruptedly to pursue his own meditations. He was called PENTATHIUS, or the conquerer in five contentions.

It is amusing to contemplate this exertion of human ingenuity.— We should not smile in derision of what may now seem simple, but gaze in wonder at what was then so gigantic. We find that the philosopher's stone was the object that monopolized literary attention at a much later day; an object more visionary and far less instructive. We here witness the first attempts at the analysis of matter. We see original chemists without a laboratory; the various objects of nature tried in the crucible of mind. The labors of Thales and Heraclitus, Anaximenes and Democritus are stupendous. They are proofs of great strengh of understanding and spirit of research. They show the ardor of enterprize in pursuit of first principles; the genius of nature unassisted by the exertions of art. They are of the utmost importance to him, who delights in speculations on the philosophy of the human mind, and are among the most interesting objects, that attract attention, in the antiquity of natural history.

We cannot but notice with satisfaction, as connected with the *amusements of philosophy*, the exhibition of the Solar Microscope. The new world which the Microscope discovers, is as grand and magnificent as the understanding can comprehend. It is doubtful whether we have most to admire the sublime operations of nature in the stupendous works she presents to us, or the wonderful organization of those infinitely small portions of animated life which the microscope unfolds. We discover *animation* where it would be incredible that *matter* can be found. We see beings to whom the point of a needle is an extensive plain, a drop of water an ocean, and if existence is in proportion to minuteness, a moment is an age. But when we have seen these wonders of nature, how far have we advanced? Comparitively no farther than when we began. In the scale of infinity, we can never be nearer to the end. When the powers of art have magnified animated particles to one million times their real size, we are just able to behold them alive, to realize that they have voluntary motion. Let us reason then when we we can no longer perceive. We have no right to believe that we can look to the end of creation; that where our instruments fail there animation ends. The successive improvements of the microscope have always enlarged the bounds of animated nature to our eyes, and we have really no right to believe but that the smallest animalculæ we behold are the *whales* of these little oceans, and prey on others as much more minute than themselves, as they are smaller than the common insects that meet our eye. Those infinitely small beings then which are too minute to be perceived by our senses with the best assistance, must have a regular organization, they must be supplied with vessels capable of receiving and digesting the food on which they live; a circulation of some fluid answerable to blood must be kept up through the body. Now how incredibly minute must be the particles of a fluid which runs through the body of an animalcula not capable of being perceived by the senses at a magnifying power of one million; and of what size must be that particle of air, which shall be more rarefied than this other fluid we have mentioned; and yet this particle of air is grossness itself when compared with a ray of light; and this again is comparitively a mountain to the "*primary matter*." The mind is pained by

ideas of this kind, as the eye is strained by attempting the view of objects too small for comprehension. Yet as we sometimes admire to look beyond our own range into the unbounded field of etherial grandeur, to trace worlds beyond worlds, as tho' the Almighty word went on creating through the immensity of space, so it is pleasing to look downward to a no less wonderful exertion of infinite power, to realize the incredible minuteness of animated particles, feeling in turn the delights and the troubles of life, partaking probably of joy and sorrow, happiness and pain.

The exhibition of the Microscope is a real gratification to a philosophical and intelligent mind. It gives a range of ideas that to the inexperienced would be new, and to those who have cultivated such studies, delightful and improving. It exhibits a fairer view of Almighty benevolence, that gives life and pleasure to such an unbounded and innumerable tribe of beings, and teaches us that literally *the dust beneath our feet is alive*. E.

For the Emerald.

CHEERFULNESS.

The pleasantest of all companions is the *cheerful man*. Preserving an equal distance from noisy and obstreperous mirth and dull unsociable melancholy he gives to life all amusement and pleasure which at the same time suited to rational reflection and liberal indulgence. Conscious of the proper dignity which his situation requires he never diminishes from it by the vulgar arts of intemperate gaiety, nor seeks to support it by a gloomy reserve and the stateliness of gravity.

Cheerfulness of this kind makes every thing pass pleasantly; it gives to the present its full share of delight without robing the future of its charms or memory of its joys. The cheerful man is a kind of Alchymist who transmutes into the gold of satisfaction the baser metals of life. It is not that a want of sensibility prevents his feeling for the evils and the distresses which more or less inevitably meet him, nor that with a careless indifference to the welfare of his fellow men he can smile with satisfaction though surrounded by their miseries, and enjoy the luxuries he possesses without regarding the want and poverty of his less affluent neighbors. A cold and ungenerous selfishness of this kind has no communication with cheerfulness. It is requisite that the bosom expand with those feelings which humanity enjoins, and the heart beat with a consciousness of performing the duties it commanded to ensure that cheerful sunshine of the soul which raises and brings to maturity the sweetest flowers of pleasure.

You will find however that circumstances produce very different effects on the disposition and manners of different individuals. One set is gloomy and desponding, though fortune's choicest favors invite them to lay aside every thing but mirth; and others, whose commerce with the world is a miserable barter of injuries and misfortunes, wear nevertheless the smile of content, and greet you with a sweet serenity that speaks welcome, to the heart. Some are of so restless a make that every east wind is a fever and every cloud a storm; others enjoy forever an uniform tranquility which defies the power of the elements to disturb.

It is not sufficient to account for this diversity, by laying it to the score of conscience. Without inward satisfaction to be sure, the smile will wear away from the countenance, and the flush of pleasure will be as transitory as it is insincere; but the good man is not always a cheerful one, and an anxiety and heaviness is frequently found to have depressed the spirits and destroyed the hilarity of the most virtuous of our species; nor will it be more to the purpose to attribute cheerfulness to prosperity. It is or ought to be the companion of good fortune, but is oftentimes found to have deserted from its path and taken its station at the door of poverty, which is always made more pleasant by its smiles than the palace of nobility when destitute of its charms.

The hand-maid and companion of Cheerfulness is Contentment. They are never separated. Together they range through the vicisitudes of life. You may see them with the peasant at his plongh, the mechanic at his loom, the student at his desk, and sometimes, though rarely, lolling at their ease, with the nabob in his coach. They are not proud however and had most commonly rather walk than ride. They are seldom lazy, and you will stand a better chance of finding them with the industrious than the idle. They are never more fond of show than substance; you will therefore never see them with the profligate and the prodigal. It is of no consequence to them whether they fare sumptuously or have to labor for subsistence. They enquire not what the board affords, but whether honesty spread the table; not who is master of the feast, but whether he has endeavored to deserve their company. Happy is the man who calls them his companions; they make fortune confer happiness and prevent poverty from bringing misery in its train; they alleviate difficulties which cannot be destroyed, smooth the bed of sickness, spread a couch for repose and antedate the felicities of future blessedness.

LORENZO.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 3.

.....Hoc est,
Vivere bis, vita posse priori frui.

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THE BELLES STRATAGEM (*Mrs Cowley*) and PADLOCK.—*Wednesday, Oct. 27.*

PIZARRO, (*Kotzebue and Sheridan*) and THE ROMP.—*Friday, Oct. 31.*

AS YOU LIKE IT (*Shakespeare,*) and the POOR SOLDIER.—*Monday, Nov. 3.*

THE Comedy of the Belles Stratagem has long been a public favorite, but owes its estimation more to the good conduct of the plot and the ease and gaiety of the dialogue than to boldness of conception or genuine wit. As a picture of modern manners it has merit, but we look in vain for those strong delineations of character which designate the individual of a species, or those habits which are incident to man in every age.

THE heroine is to be sure a woman of fine accomplishments, but by no means worthy of being held up as a model to the sex. Female character is never estimable when divested of delicate reserve, and neither the pertness of the hoyden the volatility of the fashionable lady, nor the unrestrained declaration of feelings to the object of her love can recommend Letitia Hardy to esteem.

IN the Hero of the piece is pointed out the extravagant addiction to foreign manners, which renders many wholesome native customs insipid.

but he has enough of sound morality left to interest us in his suscess. The under characters are well connected with the main design, and tho' the play is not entitled to the first rank in English comedy, it certainly belongs to the second class.

The *debut* of Mrs. Stanley in the part of Letitia, added to the general attractions of the play, and produced a fashionable house. With a fine person and well chosen costume Mrs. S. *looked* the part extremely well, and the plaudits her performance produced, were evidences that public expectation was not disappointed. We have no hesitancy in asserting that the part was well played throughout.

Though the character of Daricourt is not in Mr. Bernard's line of acting, we were well pleased with the performance. Mr. Dickenson in Old Hardy played with tolerable spirit. Mr. Usher did no discredit to the honest integrity of Saville; and Mr. Fox was at home in Flutter. Of the Mountebank of Turnbull, or the Courtall of Downie much cannot be said, and Mrs. Barnes did not disappoint us as our expectations were very humble. Mrs. Powell however did justice to the part of the gay widow and contributed not a little to the general satisfaction with which the play was received.

No objection is made to the *appearance* of Mr. Poe in Sir George Touchwood. The character is certainly not a bustling one; we think it susceptible of more life than he infused into it. We were however sometimes gratified with displays of correct spirit; we hardly expected it, and the audience appreciated and rewarded it as a novelty. Mrs. Usher was an interesting Lady Touchwood, and is certainly much improved in her conception of character.

Pizarro is the most unexceptionable of Kotzebue's productions. Gilded vice is not there passed off for sterling virtue. Neither is soporific sensibility substituted for manly sentiment. The attention is kept awake through the drama by a lofty style, and the feelings interested by a constant succession of dazzling incidents. This piece was got up for the purpose of introducing Mr. Caulfield, in the part of Rolla, and we will venture to assert, that a Boston audience never before saw it so ably filled. For strength and clearness of voice and graceful attitude we do not recollect Mr. C's equal. His person was such as exactly suited the part he was to represent, and his conception of the character was without fault. In the address to the Peruvians, and the scene with Pizarro where he rescues Cora's child, we thought him most conspicuous. The first was as chaste an example of declamation as we ever listened to, and the last we are certain could not be excelled.

The Pizarro of Mr. Usher was well conceived, and the execution would have commanded our applause, had not the prompter, in some scenes, put in his claim for a moiety of our approbation. Mr. Fox played Alonzo well. Mrs. Stanley's Elvira was far beneath our expectations; but we shall forbear to remark on it, as the lady has relinquished the part. The other performers have no claim to particularity of remark.

We would say generally of Mrs. Poe's Priscilla Tomboy, that it was an excellent performance. Without analysing the character, or making more than a superficial comparison with the celebrated Mrs. Williamson, we hazard a general

remark, that no one with reasonable expectations was dissatisfied with her Romp.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Lynnfield Races.

Men, fond of the sport of the turf, have this week been gratified with the masculine and manly amusement, in a style greatly superior to what has generally been exhibited in New-England. The ground was well laid out in a circuit of about a mile. It was tolerably level, and at almost any point within the circle you had a view of the whole. There were three heats to the principal race, and three rounds to each heat. *Broken-jaw* was turned off the ground the first heat, and did little more than run his round. The field was then left exclusively to the competition of O'Kelly and Sir Harry. The last was at first the general favorite; he kept foremost all the first heat, and the whole of the second till within the last one or two hundred rods, when the rider of O'Kelly gave the whip and the rein, & gained the goal in an instant, to the agreeable surprise of the shouting spectators. We thought this a chef d'œuvre of horsemanship, and, tho' we are no sportsmen, having no taste and taking little delight in the games of the turf, yet this was a moment of interest indifference itself might be defied to resist. The whole of the third heat O'Kelly was lord of the ascendant, and gained the prize of the day. Some well contested scrub races kept up the sport of this day. The second day five horses were turned in to the course for a heat of two rounds. *Broken-jaw* won, and a bay-horse bolted within the stakes. To satisfy beholders, that Broken-jaw would have beaten had there been no bolting, a round was run and Broken-jaw swept the stakes by fairly distancing his competitor. We have been thus minute, to gratify those who take an interest in the sports of the field. We like sometimes to witness a spectacle, where *the race must be to the swift.* Our columns are devoted to Literature and *Life.* We have no frowns for manly amusements. Unless we want a race of pigmies, we should cherish such sports. Olympian games made Grecians.

FOR THE EMERALD.

[*Objects which are often seen and always possessed lose their first effect and are frequently passed without notice. This is truly the case with the inhabitants of Boston as it respects the commanding prospect of* Beacon Hill. *It is scarcely remembered what advantages it retains, and the stranger who is led with inquisitive eye through the various scenes of novelty and amusement is hardly ever taken to the heights which nature seems to have raised purposely to display her favorite seaport. Our correspondent who obliged us with the following article was probably induced to do so by some reflections of this kind.*]

BEACON HILL.

"Where stretch'd your sail, beneath what foreign sky
Did lovelier landscapes ever charm your eye?
Could fancy's airy pencil, Stranger! say,
E'en dipt in dreams, a nobler scene portray?
Behold yon vales, whose skirts elude your view,
And mountains fading to aerial blue!
Along their low'ry shades how healthy toil [soil.
Alternate sports, or tends the mellow
See rural towns, mid groves and gardens rise,
And eastward,—where the stretching ocean lies—
Lo! our fair Capital, sublimes the scene,
New *Albion's* pride, and ocean's future queen;
How o'er the tradeful port, august she smiles,
Her sea-like haven, boasts an hundred isles.

Whence hardy commerce swells the lofty sails [gales,
O'er arctic seas, and mocks the polar
Thence tides of wealth, the wafting breezes bring,
And hence e'en culture feels its vital spring.
"These scenes our sires from ragged nature wrought,
Since—what dire wars their patriot race have fought!
Witness yon tracts, where first the Briton bled,
Driv'n by our youth, redoubted PERCY fled;
There BREED ascends, and BUNKER's bleeding steeps,
Still o'er whose brow abortive vict'ry weeps;
What trophies since!—The gaze of after times,
Rear'd FREEDOM's empire o'er our happy climes!"

The noble prospect from BEACON HILL, which is so finely and accurately described by the poet, is perhaps one of the most beautiful and picturesque in the world. The spacious common, the lofty buildings of the town, and the beautiful scenery which encompasses it, afford a view equally grand and magnificent.

While contemplating these interesting scenes, the attention of the spectator is arrested by a venerable column

To commemorate
that train of events
which led
to the American Revolution,
and finally secured
Liberty and Independence
to the United States.

AMERICANS,
while from this eminence
Scenes of luxuriant fertility,
of flourishing Commerce,
and the abodes of social happiness
meet your view,
Forget not those
who by their exertions
have secured to you
THESE BLESSINGS. P.

NOTICES OF ARISTIPPUS.

(Continued fr. p. 318.)

Aristrippus, said I, you have entirely subverted every idea I had before entertained of your doctrine. I had understood that your philosophy required not so much as an effort; and that, according to your principles, the voluptuary might abandon himself without reserve to all the enjoyments of the senses. And could you seriously imagine, answered he, that a man who considers the study of morality as the most essential of all others, who has neglected geometry and other sciences, merely because they have no immediate tendency to improve manners; that an author from whom Plato is not ashamed sometimes to borrow maxims and ideas; that a disciple of Socrates—in fine, could have opened schools of prostitution in many of the Grecian cities, without drawing on himself the vengeance of even the most corrupt magistrates and citizens!

The name of pleasure, which I give to the internal satisfaction which renders us happy, has offended those superficial minds who attach themselves to words more than to realities. Certain philosophers too, forgetting their professed love of justice, have given sanction to this prejudice, justified perhaps by the extravagancies of some of my disciples: but does a principle of intrinsic excellence lose its value because it is possible to draw from it false conclusions?

I have explained to you my doctrine. I admit as the sole instruments of happiness, those emotions which agreeably affect us; but I wish them to be repressed the instant they are likely to produce trouble and disorder: and surely nothing evinces more courage than to prescribe limits at once to our privations and enjoyments.

Antisthenes attended the lectures of Socrates at the same time with me: he was born melancholy and austure; I cheerful and liberal. He proscribed pleasures, and dared not

enter the lists with the passions, which produce in us a delicious languor. I found it more beneficial and more glorious to vanquish than to excite them; and, in spite of their reluctance, dragged them in my train like slaves destined to serve me, and aid in enabling me to support the burthen of life. We followed different paths, and this is the fruit we have gathered from our labors. Antisthenes thought himself happy, because he imagined himself wise: I think myself wise, because I am happy.

It will be one day said, perhaps, that Socrates and Aristippus, both in their conduct and their doctrine, sometimes deviated from ordinary rules; but posterity no doubt will add, that they compensated for these little errors by the truths with which they have enriched philosophy.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Men carry their minds as they do their watches, perfectly ignorant of the mechanism of their movements, and quite content with understanding the little exterior circle of things to which their passions, like indexes, are pointing.

The English reviewers speak very highly of a "Collection of Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions" lately published. The rude distich which Gray poetically tells us, *Teaches the rustic moralist to die*, is often times irresistably ludicrous.

"On an importunate Tailor.

"Here lies W. W,
"Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

"Upon a Puritanical Locksmith

"A zealous lock-smith dy'd of late,
"And arriv'd at heaven's gate,
"He stood without, and would not knocke,
"Because he meant to picke the locke."

"On a Wife.

"Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
"But dead as a door nail, God be thanked."

"On a Lawyer.

"Hic jacet Jacobus Straw,
"Who forty years follow'd the law,
"When he died,
"The devil cried,
"James, give us your paw."

"St. Olave's, Southwark.—On Mr. Munday, who hanged himself.

"Hallowed be the Sabbath day,
"And farewell all worldly pelf;
"The weeke begins on *Tuesday*,
"For *Munday* hath hang'd himselfe."

"On Dr. Fuller.

"Here lies *Fuller's earth*."

"Said to be in Twickenham Church-yard.

"Here lie I.
"Kill'd by a sky-
"Rocket in my eye."

We recollect an epitaph on a post-boy, who lost his life by falling under the wheel of his chaise, which would make a good companion for the above:—

Here I lays,
Kill'd by a chaise.

"On the Parson of a Country Parish.

"Come let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,
"For egad, had he liv'd, he'd have buried us all."

We have seen one, by *Old Nick*, an author not a very *popular* character in a country village, which may go with this.

Epitaph on the Tomb-stone of a Country Apothecary, erected at the Expence of the Parish.

Hâc sub homo, per quem tot jacuêre, jacet.

In English.

At length for him a quiet spot's provided,
Where, all through him, so many of us lie dead.

Such epitaphs as these are mere drolleries, but there are sufficiently serious and important for the objects of their commemoration;

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque, men, as it is observed in the Spectator, whose lives are finely described in Holy Writ, by *the path of an arrow*, which passes and is gone, leaving no trace behind.—In composing an epitaph for one who has distinguished himself by his genius or benevolence, the greatest modesty and simplicity should be regarded, and in this the Greek inscriptions excel. Dr. Beattie's remarks on this subject (Letter cxxii. of his Life) are very correct. A little point, however, is not, on some occasions, without grace, but, in general, it is destructive of all effect and propriety. The *Circumspice* on Wren, in St. Paul's, is pleasing, and the point at the conclusion of that on the Countess of Pembroke is, as Addison says, "very noble."

"Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
"Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
"Time shall throw a dart at thee."

OTWAY.

In a work on Dramatic simplicity of sentiment and diction, by Thomas Dermody, is the following forcible and correct sketch of a poet, who often dazzles us when we ought to be offended.

"What can I say of Otway; the plaintive, the tender, the soul-distracting Otway: who, by some secret magic, can bid us at one moment pity and detest, scorn and admire, and shed the sympathising tear over the fall of vice itself? To omit Venice Preserved, of which the hero is a factious cut-throat, and the second character an uxorious, treacherous, whimpering coward—let us turn to the Orphan. Not to say that Monimia is an exact semblance of a longing, irresolute, boarding-school girl; Chamont an ungrateful, hot-headed bully, deserving to be cashiered from any regiment; and Acasto a mere walking old gentleman; how horrid, how absurd is the fraternal compact! and how blameable the professed hypocrisy and deceit of Castalio; who will not own that he is justly punished, yet does not deplore that punishment in the end! This is the skill, the fancy, the irresistible witchery, of the poet, that elicits light from darkness; and averts the dazzled eye from deformity, by a soft insinuative enchantment of verbal delusion. Take away sentiment and diction, pathetic expostulation, and the voice of Nature personified, how will the splendid fabric vanish, and what shall we discover but licentiousness and disgust beneath this veil of roses! Such are the charms of appropriate and energetic language.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GENTLEMAN who favored us with materials for an important department of our paper, will accept our thanks: we shall insert his communications with pleasure.

THE LADIES, and we speak to them with pride, as numbering so many among our readers, shall find we are not forgetful of their amusements: they will read PALMYRA equally for the elegance of the poetry and the interesting nature of the tale.

IF "A friend to honesty and candor" has no greater acquaintance with these characters than he has with judgment and understanding, he must be a miserable member of society. It is with criticism as jurisprudence,

"None e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

We hope to stand on better terms with "honesty and candor" than their pretended "friend;" and while we disclaim for a valuable correspondent the motives impudently assigned to him, must congratulate him on that skill in archery which has brought the bird to his feet.

Several favors received will meet attention.

VARIETIES—LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

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Miss Robinson intends, at length, to give to the world a complete and elegant edition of the "Poetical Works" of her mother, the late Mrs. Mary Robinson. The edition will include many pieces never before published, and all those poems which were so popular in the life-time of the poetess, and which have now become so scarce as to be unattainable by the public.

An edition of Dr. Johnson's "Poets" is printing in the cheap and compressed form of eight or ten volumes, octavo.

It appears that the late beautiful Mrs. Crouch wrote "Memoirs" of her chequered life, which are in the press, and will soon appear in two volumes small octavo.

A new edition of Dr. Carr's "Lucian" is in the press.

A publication is preparing for the press, in successive numbers and volumes, to be entitled "The fathers of the English Church; or a Selection from the Writings of the Reformers, and early Protestant Divines of the Church of England."

We are informed of a society lately instituted, under the name of the London Architectural Society, consisting of professional gentlemen and amateurs, who have united together for the advancement of the art, and for mutual improvement, by liberal intercourse. The ordinary members engage to furnish, in rotation, designs and essays on subjects connected with civil architecture, which are to be read and examined at the meetings of the society, which are to be held once a fortnight during about eight months in the year. These designs and essays are to remain the property of the Society, who intend to publish annually a selection from the Essays.

Dr. Wolcot *(Peter Pindar)* has lately retired from London to Fowey, in Cornwall, where he has taken up his residence with two surviving sisters. An affection of the eyes renders the exercise of his pen unpleasant to him, but the flights of his genius, vigorous and unique as ever, are recorded by an amanuensis; and he continues a lively correspondence with a few select friends in the metropolis.

Mr. Horne has laid before the Royal Society of London a paper describing a particular affection of the prostrate gland. This disease, which occasioned so much pain, has hitherto been deemed irremidiable; but it is now hoped, the cause having been discovered, that this physiological discovery may prove of incalculable advantage in relieving the sufferings of patients supposed to be labouring under the effects of calculi, and other urinary diseases.

Dr. Herschel has communicated a paper on the quantity and velocity of the solar motion, from which he illustrates the causes of the sidereal motions applied to stars of six different magnitudes.

Mr. Robert Hallet, of Axminster, has discovered that the *striped* or *ribbana* grass, is found to be very excellent food for cattle; that it produces an earlier crop than most other grass, and that it will bear cutting three or four times during the summer; of course he recommends the culture of it to farmers in general.

Mr. Millin has exhibited to the different classes of the National Institute of France, a head in flint, of large dimensions, and in a good style, the whole surface of which is covered with a brilliant and milky white. This head was found in one of the gardens near Paris, on the spot formerly known by the name of *Ternes*. A head in flint is itself an extraordinary circumstance, because the difficulty of working that material is very great, and it does not possess sufficient beauty to be worth the trouble. It still remains to ascertain whether the covering is a chalcedonic stratum formed by nature in the earth, or whether it was produced by art.—The first class of the Institute has nominated persons to examine this extraordinary monument, and to draw up a report on the subject.

Among the prizes proposed this year by the Imperial Academy of Wilna in Poland, is one of 200 ducats for an analysis of political economy, shewing in what points the fundamental ideas of Adam Smith and Dr. Quesnay agree, or those in which they differ are totally opposite.

Professor Traschow, of Copenhagen, has been occupied during the present winter, in a course of lectures on Anthropology, in which he has severely criticised the speculations of Dr. Gall.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

PETITION TO THE MARITIME DEITIES.

On a young Lady's sailing for Virginia.

O THOU wat'ry Deity,
Ruler of the raging sea;
Circled by thy firing slaves,
Moderator of the waves;
Neptune, potent god, who reigns
Emp'ror of the liquid plains,
My petition condescend
In thy goodness to attend--
'Tis not for myself, but friend;
On the wide extending seas,
Which thy mighty power obeys,
Myra, beautiful and fair,
Who with more than mortal air
Reigns Beauty's self: Britania's boast,
Seeks to gain Virginia's coast:
--Grant, O God, the swelling sails
May with thy propitious gales.
Be (while winds the canvass court)
Wafted to the wish'd-for port.
--Oceanus seems to be
Conscious of the dignity,
Proud the burden to sustain.
Rears his *frost-befoamed* mane.
Rough Æolus, hear my prayer
Make the ship thy greatest care,
Thy loud storms and blasts withhold:
Th' angelic Myra on the main
Seeks Virginia's coast to gain,
A *treasure* more rich than gold.
Zephyr, soft, benign and fair
Make the happy bark, thy care
Let thy choicest, briskest breeze
Skimming o'er the furrow'd seas,
Fill the sails and safely land
All upon the wish'd-for strand.

POLLIO.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

By inserting the following lines, you will oblige a constant reader.

Cambridge. *yours,* W.

To Miss ****.

O sweetest girl, how happy is thy lot!
By some thou'rt envy'd, but by none forgot:
Of this my theme--this be my pleasure too,
Your praise to write--your matchless love to shew.
Tell me, hast thou ne'er seen in blushing morn
A rose-bud blooming, nature to adorn:
Your sex by thee is thus adorn'd, and blest
Like some fair tree, for goodly fruit carest,
Others may write thy worth and beauty o'er,
From me take this, for none can love thee more.

WANDERING MARY.

BLEAK blows the storm upon the breast,
Whose guests is life consuming sorrow,
Oh take me to some place of rest,
Where I may slumber till tomorrow;
You view my face it once was fair,
At least so said my charming Harry,
But he is gone, and black despair
Is all that's left to wand'ring Mary.

No thief am I as some allege,
Though sore hath cold and hunger try'd me;
I pluck the haw-berry from the hedge,
When human aid is oft denied me.
But hush my babe! though large the load
Of woes that we are doom'd to carry;
Within some cold grave's bleak abode,
You'll sweetly sleep with wand'ring Mary.

Verses by Mr. POPE, *on reading a Poem entitled,* "A Fit of the spleen."

WHAT are the falling rills, and pendant shades,
The morning bow'rs, and evening colonades;
But soft recesses of th' uneasy mind,
To sigh unheard into the passing wind!

So struck the deer in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die the arrow in his heart;
There hid in shades, and pining day by day;
Inly he bleeds, and melts his soul away

SELECTED

PALMYRA.

A Tale.....Continued.

Hers was the arm full finish'd, and her neck
Long as the swan's, that laves its milky sides
In Cayster's wave; her's too, the rising breast,
Rounded by beauty's hand; the graceful limb,
The foot elastic, and the ancle slight;
Her's every grace of form, and charm of face;
Her's every virtue that expands the heart,
And every love that animates the mind,
Nurs'd in these scenes, her happy thoughts ne'er rov'd
She lov'd the walk tree-shaded, and the bank
Where, cast among the high grass, she might turn,
Fearless, the page of hist'ry or the muse.
Mild as the dove, yet like her native kid
Gay, and unbroke in spirit, she was wont
To weave the light dance by the moonlight wave,
Or form the rural concert in the bower
Which nature's care had tapestried with rose;
There to the Cambrian girls, her dulcet voice,
Self-taught, would breathe the note and trill the shake.
Yet soon, fair maid! these virtuous pleasures flee,
Soon heaves that white breast with the filial sigh,
And from those eyes still brilliant with the ray
Of former joy, the rushing tears must pour:
Far, far away thy only hope shall go—
Britain's proud banners fly upon the coast,
Embattl'd are the sons, and every voice
Calls for Lysander, still to lead them on.
Lysander goes, and granted to her prayers,
Her looks persuasive, & her frantic sobs,
Palmyra journeys with him: to the gales
Of piercing Belgia she commits her form,
And looks undaunted on the fields of ice!
Ah! no more Palmyra sees the red sun
Sink in peace, o'er rocks illum'd with gold,
And marks with soothing melancholy, rise
The moon, slow glimmering on the tepid wave.
No more she rambles thro' the quiet wood
When all is hush'd, and silence, night, and calm,
Lock the whole world in slumber; she must now
Sit lonely in the tent, and trembling wait
The doubtful issue of the unequal fight;
Yet still, o'er good Lysander's warlike head
Heav'n spreads its shield defensive, and preserv'd
The little remnant of his days for her.
And now from Albion's native coast arrives
The bark full-fraught with many a valiant heart—
Thine, O Pyrocles! madden'd with its fire;
Yet in his proud veins beat a stronger pulse,
For love ungrateful, for perfidious charms
Once thought his own—now barter'd for a name:
And came to bury, in his first campaign,
Either his form amid a heap of foes,
Or banish pashion for a nobler flame.
To him, Palmyra lov'd to tell her griefs,
To mourn o'er gallant enemies, or pour
The tender flood for each familiar face—
Pyrocles heard, and mixed his tears with hers;
But his flowed deeper, for his bitter fate
Poison'd the source of pure humanity;
He wept himself, and thought but of his love.—
Yet, (for he saw her lovely, and he found
Her artless sweetness penetrate his soul)—
He sought her paths, and as her pitying sighs
Answer'd his own, he felt his grief less strong;
But still, for Lesbia false, he rav'd and wept,
And all the live-long night his pillow'd couch
Steep'd he, in tears of bitterness and truth.

(To be continued.)

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